

# AREA 51/S-4

## *Secrets Behind the Scenes*

*In 1991, UFO investigator Wendelle Stevens was contacted by a Delta Force sentry who divulged details of flying saucers and aliens kept at Area 51.*

by Wendelle C. Stevens ©1997

From his talk given at the 1997 Australian International UFO Symposium

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**O**n Tuesday, 22 October 1991, one of the strangest and most exciting stories of my career in UFO research began to unfold. A young man calling himself Connor O'Ryan called my home in Tucson, Arizona, from Los Angeles and said he wanted to come and see some of my collection of UFO information and pictures. That was about noon of Tuesday.

At about 14:00 hours I received another call from the same voice saying that he feared he may be in danger, because when he went to the bank to draw out money for his trip, he was informed that his account was "frozen"! He tried his Bankcard in the automatic teller machine and it was returned unhonoured. He went to another bank and tried to withdraw money on his Visacard and it also was not honoured. He said he suspected the worst.

He went back and packed his bags and left his apartment. He called me again about 14:45 to say he had something for me if I would get him a bus ticket to deliver it. He said the next bus left his position at 16:00. I raced to my nearest Mail Boxes outlet and wired him \$100 for a ticket to Tucson. After that, I was tied up on my telephone for a few minutes when my line was interrupted by another call saying the money was not at Western Union yet, and time was running out. I assured him that I would go check on it immediately, and that he should check Western Union again in 15 minutes. He did, and the funds were verified, and Western Union verified this to me. The Mail and Western Union sub-station was in a mall across the street from the bus station and he made it in time; but now he began to worry about what he was carrying, and on impulse decided not to carry what he had with him, but to ship it to me to hold for him when he got here.

He made up a package in an automobile starter box and weighted it with rocks to disguise the contents. He then took it to the mail section of the bus station office and shipped it to me at priority rate, registered and insured so that it had to be signed for.

The man arrived in Tucson at 02:30 early next morning and called me, so I went down and picked him up at the Tucson bus station. He did not want to eat, but I was now up and wanted a cup of coffee. We stopped at the Dunkin' Donuts all-night counter near 22nd Street and Craycroft Road, and I had a coffee and he drank a Pepsi-Cola. Then we went to my home and went to sleep.

The next morning, Wednesday, all seemed normal and we went out to breakfast. The young visitor asked a lot of questions about UFOs and my research. He said he had found out about me and my interests in a book on UFOs, among the very few on the subject in the Las Vegas downtown public library, and copied my name and address from it. A call to the Tucson telephone directory service gave him my number.

He said he was a US Marine—a "Seal", an elite Navy Special Forces position—and had been such since his enlistment some nine years ago. He was 29 years old, and for the last nine months he had been assigned to "Delta Force, Team Six", a super-elite cross-service activity that answered to none of the service commands but to a command line of its own, answering directly to the Joint Service Staff. This was all new to me.

He said he was, until one week before, assigned to duty at S-4 in the Area 51 facility of the ACE reservation in Nevada. He said he was a sentry who lived in the quarters at the facility and whose duty post was on Level 2 of a four-level complex. He said there were no sentries below Level 2, as everything below that was electronically controlled and he did not know what was down there. At Level 2 they controlled access to the separate elevators that went down below—one to Level 3 and another one to Level 4. To use one of these elevators it took a card, a thumbprint and a matching retina scan of the right eye. Anyone who was not cleared by this process was immediately arrested.

The sentries worked continuous shifts of four hours on and eight off. They patrolled

their area at attention and were prohibited from looking around or directly at anybody. They were not allowed to talk to each other or to anybody else. Socialisation off-duty was discouraged and little conversation or discussion took place in the facility, making everyone pretty much a loner.

The men were given physical examinations every three months, during which they were always hypnotised for about one hour. Even their most secret thoughts were probed.

These men were allowed three days of rest and recuperation leave in groups and were taken to Las Vegas once a month. They were dropped at the Imperial Palace Hotel on Las Vegas Boulevard in the afternoon of the first day, and were picked up at 16:00 on the third day to go back to their work facility. Rooms were provided in a special reserved section of the Imperial Palace maintained by the security agency. The men were searched on the way out of the secure S-4 facility, and were searched again and given a polygraph test on the way back into the facility.

On his last quarterly physical, our guest was told that he had Hodgkin's disease and would be given a medical discharge, which was done. He was distraught at being kicked out of his choice service and a career which he loved and counted on. He wanted to go all the way to his retirement in this service. He was frightened at the prospect of being ill and debilitated by a killer disease when he felt perfectly well. He had always been very active.

Connor had begun to take an interest in what was going on in the facility, and he began to look around and at things. He saw seven disc-shaped craft stored there in Level 2. Three of them were alike and the remaining four were all different. He saw some of them occasionally taken up to Level 1, and sometimes one would be taken outside when all satellite activity was clear. The craft were kept on rolling platforms, and they were always moved on these same platforms from his Level 2 to

Level 1. There were other sentries on Level 1, whom he did not know.

He saw naked alien bodies pickled in a liquid and preserved standing erect in a large, transparent, tubelike case. A metal band around the waist held the bodies erect. The eyes in one of them seemed to be sunken back some.

Over time, a small camera was successfully taken into the facility, pictures were taken and the film was brought out. This became a dangerous game, and its possible discovery during one of the hypnotic sessions may have been the real reason for his sudden separation. If this was the case, and he really did have Hodgkin's disease, the implications were fearful. He may have

been given this disease by his own superiors to terminate him for what he had seen! This had already occurred to him, and he was very worried because he was still in perfect health and had no history of such a disease in his family.

His retaliation, if this turned out to be true, was to release some 52 photographs taken inside Level 2 of S-4. If successfully brought out, he could blow the lid off such a nefarious operation which was truly the work of "mad scientists".

Connor felt his hand was being forced by the freezing of his money

supply, and he now sought to get out of the whole thing. He shipped his "weapon", the set of 52 photographs, in the starter box only 20 minutes before he got on the bus to come to Tucson. Other sets were strategically stashed in case of intercept of one or more.

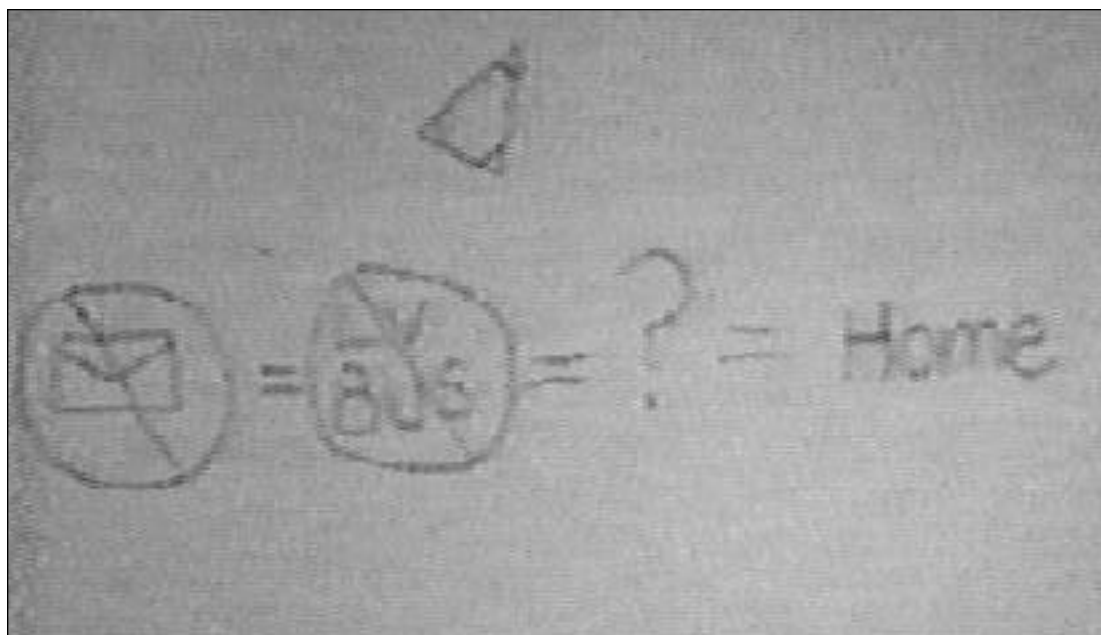
Now Connor was waiting anxiously for the box to arrive, the shipping clerk having advised him that it would take three days to get to Tucson. That would mean arrival on Friday, 25 October.

But on Thursday 24th, I found a pale-blue envelope resting in

the brackets on the porch mailbox next to my front door. It bore no address and no stamps, indicating a hand delivery. The return address, printed in the upper left corner of the envelope, was Imperial Palace, 3535 Las Vegas Blvd, South Las Vegas, Nevada 89109. Inside the blue parchment-like envelope was a sheet of similar pale-blue stationery, with the Imperial Palace name and address on the top of the page and a gold crest on the bottom in the right-hand corner.

On that sheet of paper was a message in

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Part of the mysterious note found by Wendelle Stevens outside his home on 25 October 1991.

very simple, childlike letters, of the style used in penmanship practice in elementary school—very difficult from which to judge handwriting characteristics. The message said: "It's to come home." There was a Delta Force symbol with the point of the triangle up, indicating "It's cool"—as we found out later.

I showed the letter to my grandson, Gem Cox, who was sleeping on the porch. Connor was sleeping on the sofa between the porch and my bedroom. He was still asleep. Gem did not know what it was all about, and suggested we wake Connor and ask him about it. When we did, Connor went visibly pale and was immediately alert. He muttered, "Oh God, they're here already!" and shook his head.

Our visitor was now concerned that he also had a tracking device implanted in his body, because, though we'd been watching carefully, we had detected no evidence of Connor being followed and had done everything to detect if he had been.

This angered Connor even more than the possibility of the disease being introduced, because now he had evidence of this. He said he wanted to give us a statement to be held in confidence unless, and until, something was done to him. If he were to be harmed, or any of his friends or family were to be harmed because of him, the statement would be released.

**W**e went out into the desert, to a high spot where all approaches could be watched simultaneously, and video-recorded a two-hour statement for this purpose. Five copies were made and all were dispersed to separate locations away from here—to trusted hands who would release the information if anything happened to us.

At that time Connor told us that there were five people from inside S-4, all working on Level 2, who had become disenchanted over the secrecy of their operation and the way it was being run. They thought the secrecy was misplaced and that the American public ought to know what was there, especially since this place had become commonly known inside as "The Museum", as the primary research activity had been moved elsewhere.

The security people working there were not allowed to use names, but were all identified by a number. Connor's number was 122 and the other three sentries had numbers 123, 124 and 125. A biologist working with the bodies had number 118. These numbers applied only at this facility and were changed as people came and went.

This group had been considering this action and contact for some time and had discussed whom of the UFO researchers they would contact. They went to the public library in Las Vegas and studied all the available material on UFOs, looking for names. They rejected MUFON and CUFOS because they feared those organisations might have been infiltrated by agents of the government. They rejected John Lear as their primary contact because he was too close and was being watched constantly. They rejected George Knapp of TV Channel 8 because he was also too close and might want a story immediately. They chose *us* because they thought we could be persuaded to wait and go at a pace they had decided upon.

Connor was leaving and they had already taken a number of photographs and stashed them securely. Connor would deliver one set to us and arrange for a follow-on plan. Those still inside would take more pictures and try to get documents with official headings on them, discussing the craft and bodies. The biologist would provide dissection reports, autopsies and analyses on the alien bodies, together with photos of the bodies under dissection.

This material was to be brought out periodically and be made available to us through a special drop arrangement or arrangements. We were given our instructions for follow-up and were told where and how it would be done. This could all be published on a signal, to raise the profile of the group in case any one of them was harmed. They hoped that a public outcry would result and that this would save some of them from internal "executions". Such an outcry could lead to lawsuits against the government and subpoenas for evidence, finally bringing down the "house of cards" of security over these important matters affecting us all, our society and our world.

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**F**riday morning we were anxiously awaiting delivery of the shipment so we could get the package, when at about 11:30 I went out to see if any mailbox flags were still up. Coming back to the door, I noticed another of those pale-blue Imperial Palace envelopes stuck behind my house number.

This time the message was a white 3" x 5" card with the Delta Force triangle, the point now turned to about the 2 o'clock position, indicating time was running out. Then there was a circle with an envelope in it and a line drawn diagonally across the whole pictogram, indicating no shipment and possibly an intercept of the registered package. The next pictogram was a circle with "LV BUS" written inside; a diagonal line was drawn across that symbol, indicating a possible intercept there, too. That was followed by a big question mark, indicating "What are you going to do now?" But the most threatening part of this message were the last two symbols: one was the word "Home", and the other was two paper matches, indicating a threat of arson.

The arson threat was turned over to the County Sheriff and the local Fire Department for file in case this threat was carried out. If so, it would clearly lead back to Delta Force and Area 51. We have the names of the chain of command leading all the way back to the [then] Secretary of Defense, Dick Cheney, and we have attorneys who are most anxious to initiate such a lucrative action. One of the 52 photos is said to clearly show Dick Cheney inspecting Level 2 of the S-4 facility, where the alien ship and sample bodies are kept and where our man was a sentry on duty. This photo was surreptitiously taken by our Delta Force visitor at that time, after the end of the Gulf War.

Interception of this package of photographs does not mean they are all gone. Other sets were made and stashed in trusted hands for safekeeping in case of loss of some. They can be produced to save a life or to pursue an arson threat carried out by Delta Force or its agents. The evidence is clearly established.

After the third letter from Delta Force, on Saturday 26 October 1991, our man decided they might come in by force and take him, so he went out into my walled backyard, found a dark corner under some big oleander trees, buried his identification cards and covered the whole thing with dead leaves so it looked undisturbed.

We were only absent from home for a short time to go eat something, and we discussed copying his cards and dispersing the copies. When we returned home he went out to get them and they were already gone, leading to speculations that even the ID cards may have tracking devices in them.

That third message was found at about noon, in another sort of envelope; white this time, with a white sheet of paper inside. Again, it had been stuck in the corner of my house numbers at my front door.

This time the message seemed to be an offer. This was truly Orwellian in scope and a very frightening situation for our society.

That day Gem Cox had to go to Phoenix on business and took Connor along with him to see what would happen with a change of location. As expected, the next message from the unseen force was delivered there, in Phoenix, and was found the next afternoon.

The two had detected no evidence of pursuit, though they'd sanitised their trail to the best of their ability. They'd driven very fast, until they could see no other car lights, and then pulled off the road behind some bushes and waited. They did this several times and detected no pursuit.

They had left Tucson late in the evening and got to Phoenix just

before midnight. They arrived at Jim Diletto's and talked with him for about an hour before going to their room in an outbuilding to get some sleep.

About 02:30 in that early morning, Gem Cox was awakened by someone else in their room. He tried to open his eyes and tried to move, but he was completely paralysed! He could only see through a small slit of eyelid opening, and could look down his prone body. He saw four "ninjas" (men in close-fitting black

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bodysuits with padded feet and black knitted ski-masks) in there with them. One was standing over Gem on his bed, straddling his ankles and pointing an automatic weapon at his head. Another similar figure was standing over Connor the same way. Two more "ninjas" were going through their things, looking for something. One came up with a piece of paper from Connor's bag, looked at it, cursed and crumpled it, then threw it towards the door. A fifth man, in a suit, was also there in the room. Nothing was said by any of them. Gem lost consciousness again and he

and Connor both slept until 14:30 in the afternoon!

When they got up and went out to the car, there was another (the fourth) pictographic note in the Delta Force shorthand language showing the triangle pointed back to the 12:00 position, indicating "No rush". Then there were carefully disguised penmanship letters that read: "Situ: Extreme. Please be pat." These were followed by pictograms showing three men, in the step: " = \$\$\$ = No TV, Work on deal. You have 7 days to produce pack or = . We want GW1 to come home. We will call in 48 hrs."

Later on Sunday, 27 October, a fifth note, in a white envelope, was found stuck in the car door. It had a sheet of white paper inside with instructions for them to check into the Motel 6 in Scottsdale and wait.

They did this late on Sunday afternoon, after purchasing an infra-red sensor light and cans of peanuts to get the aluminium pull-off tops.

They rigged the sensor light to come on when someone was just beyond the motel room door, and they inserted peanut-can lids in the crack around the door so as to fall out if the door were moved or the cracks disturbed.

That night, both the light came on and the can lids were knocked to the floor by someone who checked the door and then went away.

The two men checked out the next day. They went out to the parking lot to return to Tucson, and as they approached Gem's red Porsche they saw a sixth envelope pinched into the door crack.

They then thought of their arrival to check into the motel, and how the desk clerk had handed Gem a key that was already laying on the clerk's desk pad in front of him. Thinking that rather suspicious, Gem looked at the key number, affected dislike and said, "Give me another



Wendelle Stevens, during his presentation at the 1997 Australian International UFO Symposium held in Brisbane last October.

room. I don't like this number. I am very sensitive about numbers." The clerk objected but did change the key, and so they ended up in a different room. Now they wondered what would have happened if they had used the first room.

This time the note seemed a little more conciliatory. It had the delta triangle pointing up at 12 o'clock again. Then the note said: "100,000 within 48 hrs for location. No foul play or"—and that was all.

On Tuesday, 29 October, a seventh note was received, again mentioning 100,000 and showing three stick men walking away. The delta triangle was again pointed up, and then it said, "18:00, All be there".

The 48 hours ran out at 18:00 on Wednesday evening, and at 18:15 an eighth note was found stuck behind the house numbers in Tucson again. This one said, "Trouble with money Delay to 13:00 to 16:00 tomorrow". That would be Thursday, 31 October 1991.

We waited all Thursday afternoon, from 12:00 to 18:00, with no further contact. Finally Connor asked for my car so he could go make a call. He came back somewhat disturbed and said he had been told that the orders to "terminate" him had been issued.

At that point we decided to raise Connor's profile so that news of such a "termination" might draw the interest of hundreds of UFO buffs anxious to check out Area 51 and S-4.

I called the Ham Radio Net and asked them to stand by in case something dangerous happened, giving them a few clues and contacts to put the story together. I also called the computer mailboxes and had them stand by for a spectacular release, or for a story about our being taken in on a set-up intended to discredit us. Either way, the story would get much mileage.

There was no contact at all, all day of Friday—very unusual in view of the deadlines.

On the morning of Saturday, 2 November, we found a plain brown envelope behind my house numbers again. This was apparently the end of the negotiations and a final kiss-off. The threat was plain and simple: no more negotiations. "They" would not hesitate to take out my whole neighbourhood if necessary, and the reference, "MALAKIA", meant just that.

Sunday passed and still no contact had been made. Connor was beginning to lose patience in view of the execution order issued on him. He called a friend (his tutor and mentor from earlier in his career) and consulted him on what to do. The friend offered to come and get him and take him to a safe place.

On Monday, 4 November, Connor decided to go get us some stashed evidence to be used in publishing the whole story, if that became necessary to prevent the deaths of his several confederates who by now had certainly been discovered. He timed this to coincide with the arrival of his rescuer in a private plane to take him to safety, or so he thought.

He asked to be dropped at the bus station where there would be safety in numbers, and that is where I took him. His last words were that he would retrieve a stashed package and put it in our hands before he left. He would contact us with instructions in a few hours.

That was the last we saw of our mysterious visitor.

Connor had given me a locker key that he said was for a locker in the Greyhound bus terminal in downtown Las Vegas. He said that there was an envelope, taped up behind the door-locking mechanism in the front of the locker, which I should remove as soon as possible, as there would be a follow-on delivery by his friends inside the S-4 facility if this were removed.

I went to Las Vegas and called John Lear to go with me to the bus station and videotape me as I opened that locker number 424. I had a map of the location of that locker bank and number in the bus station. I found the correct bank of lockers, and the position of the locker number I was looking for—but that number was not there. The locker numbers were in correct order on either side of this position, but one whole bank of lockers was now different. The locker key I had looked exactly like all the other keys in the other lockers in that major number series, but the locker I wanted by number was gone. Its number was on my key.

I went to the locker manager in the terminal and explained my dilemma, and was told that the lockers were a concession, and that the concessionaire did occasionally change lockers for his own reasons, and that, yes, some had been changed just last week.

That ended my contact with this story, except that I had the two-hour videotaped interview with the mysterious Connor O'Ryan.

My house was again searched several times, but that tape was never found because, in fact, it had been in the hands of the Pima County Sheriff's Office ever since it was recorded, and

it was still safe there.

**"They" would not hesitate to take out my whole neighbourhood if necessary, and the reference, "MALAKIA", meant just that.**

#### **About the Author:**

Wendelle Stevens is a retired Lt Colonel who served as a US Army Air Corps test pilot during World War II and then worked out of the Flight Test Division of the Air Materiel Command at Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio. His duty desk was in the Foreign Technology Division of the Air Technical Intelligence Center—the office out of which UFO-related Air Force projects *Sign*, *Grudge* and *Bluebook* were eventually formed. In 1947 he took part in the *Ptarmigan* project to map the entire Arctic land and sea area, and record all anomalous phenomena, even evidence of UFO activity.

From thereon, Wendelle Stevens began amassing what is now arguably the largest collection of UFO photographs in the world. He retired from the US Air Force in 1963 and has pursued his UFO interests ever since, contributing articles to many UFO magazines, both US and foreign, and giving lectures internationally. He has accumulated reams of data from his own investigations of sightings reports over the years. Stevens is not affiliated or aligned with any particular UFO organisations and continues his research at his own expense.

At the QUFON 1997 Australian International UFO Symposium, held in Brisbane last October, Wendelle Stevens 'went public' for the first (and last) time with Connor O'Ryan's story, at the same time showing segments of O'Ryan's videotaped statement (see Video Reviews this issue). Wendelle mentioned that he actually received death threats over the phone as he was preparing to leave the USA to come to Australia to deliver this presentation.